King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beate downe these rebles here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That's the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,
My sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Christ. At Pembrooke, or at Hertford-west in Wales.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Christ. Syr Walter Herbert, a renowmed souldier,
Syr *Gilbort Talbot*, sir *William* Stanley,
Oxford, doubted Pembrooke, sir Iames *Blunt*,
Rice vp *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my *Lord*, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my minde,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holy king Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is Allsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then Allsoules day, is my bodies doomesd
This is the day, that in king Edwards time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein *I* wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this Allsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determinde respite of my wrongs:
That high all seer that *I* dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what *I* begd in iest,
Thus doeth he forse the sword of wicked men
To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friend
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And here receiue we from our Father Sranley,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trou
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,